

Wild Party

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The June sky above Lowry Park was painted several shades of orange and an aura of quiescence seemed to inundate every single trail. On the northeast area, however, there was a gathering taking place at Mrs. Harrington's residence. She had had no better idea than to plan it on the eve of a particularly hectic day. Nonetheless, nobody minded that and they decided to attend her housewarming party and enjoy the evening. Almost everyone at Lowry Park had been invited to meet the upgraded version of her home, with the exception of Mrs. Masai. She had a reputation for being egotistic. Her supercilious personality had cost her several invitations, this one included.

Mrs. Harrington looked marvelous in her iridescent blueish, green gown. On the back, it had a shiny green feather train, which allowed her look to be regarded as outrageously fashionable. Nobody would have expected anything less than that from the host. And her manners... charming as a queen. She flounced from one place to another conversing with all her guests and she did it with determination, as if she were on a catwalk with all eyes on her.

Mr. and Mrs. Mccaque were the fifth and sixth guests to arrive. Mrs. Harrington felt relieved as soon as she spotted them. They were considered to be the lives of every single party they attended because they liked monkeying around. Everyone thought them diverting. They were also rather vocal, their gestures were extremely expressive but that was seen as a gift whenever story-telling time began. They would always alter their pitches from high to low and accompany that with wide open eyes and swinging movements here and there. At Mrs. Harrington's newly built house they had even more space to perform their popular sketches.

Mr. and Mrs. Loxodont arrived afterwards. Within the half hour, the premises were completely crowded. Everyone seemed to be relishing the moment. Mrs. Harrington fancied the excitement of her guests and wallowed in the praises she received both regarding her looks and her spacious home. Mr. Boid, known for his hissing voice and tongue of fire, commented on the Loxodonts' corpulent excess.

'It is not an unusual sight...' he started, 'but these days they are looking particularly hefty. Absolutely overfed,' he added and winked at Mrs. Harrington.

As polite, or rather patronizing, as ever she cooed with delight 'You never miss a detail, Boid, do you? But I suppose you are right. And please allow me to add that you look incredibly handsome tonight.' After the compliment she strode towards the Mccaques, who had already commenced their first anecdote of the night. As she was leaving, she could hear Mr. Boid hissing another comment. It was about Mr. Cheloni. 'He looks as dormant as ever. And I heard it took him an hour to arrive here but he only lives 50

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meters away! We should call him Mr. *Slown*' and everyone around him laughed out loud.

At 3 a.m. an unexpected event transpired. Mrs. Masai was unequivocally spotted approaching the majestic house. She was tall and slender, her towering legs and long neck could be seen through the large window panes. She ambled into the place with cotton candy eyes and an angelic smile, quite a peculiar expression for her. Everybody stared in awe. Mr. Boid spitted the word 'brazen' in a low voice. The host decided to act as if nothing had happened 'Mrs. Masai! How... wonderful of you to reward us with your... unforeseen presence. Do come in.'

She felt everybody's eyes of steel on her. Mrs. Harrington encouraged the Mccaques to continue with their story and so, the party resumed its previous cheerful state. After a few hours of unsuccessful attempts to make small talk with other guests, Mrs. Masai left the reunion. Everybody wondered why she had come.

'Maybe she regrets being so unkind and seeks our friendship' clucked the host.

'Yes, perhaps she had a change of heart,' squeaked Mrs. Loxodont.

Mr. Boid was one of the few who thought there was something suspicious about the whole affair. Unwilling to partake in their hypothesis guessing game, he tried to slither out the door unnoticed. Very much to his surprise, he found that it was locked. He goggled at Mrs. Harrington pointlessly. Silence shrouded the place as everybody came to the same conclusion: Mrs. Masai had played them. So many years of mockery and leaving her out of everything had finally been avenged that night.

A frenzy of fear made them search everywhere for a possible escape. They scrutinized the glass walls and ceiling for an open window but they found none. Panic arose when they noticed daylight was exhausting their time. Knowing what that meant, they tried to push the main door open. It did not give way. The Loxodonts tried it. They did not succeed. They reached a peak of desperation as they heard the familiar words '*Good morning and welcome to Lowry Park Zoo. Enjoy your vi...*'